

THE  
**CHRISTIAN MONITOR,**  
AND  
**RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.**

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**EXTRACT OF A MISSIONARY SERMON.**

**BY DR. NOTT.**

*(Concluded from Page 340.)*

**INSTEAD**, therefore, of encouraging you by such assurances, I propose a consideration of a different kind—a consideration, which must subvert every objection which avarice or infidelity can suggest; it is this:—

**THAT TO FAIL AFTER HAVING MADE SINCERE ENDEAVOURS IN SO GOOD A CAUSE, WILL BE GLORIOUS.**

Zechariah did not succeed in reforming Israel, but fell between the porch and the altar. He fell, however, covered with glory, and his name stands conspicuous on the list of martyrs. Wickliff did not succeed in rending the veil of Papal superstition, and yet the attempt added celebrity to his life, and in the bosom of the church embalmed his memory. But why do I mention these instances? Jesus Christ himself did not succeed in his mission to the Jews. But though Israel were *not* gathered, yet was he glorious in the eyes of the Lord, and in the eyes of all his people.

There are those who exclaim, whenever the salvation of the heathen is proposed, *There is a Lion in the way*. And were it so, this would not diminish the propriety, nor would even failure mar the glory of the attempt.

The interposition of the Son of God in behalf of sinners, is the highest act of benevolence that the universe ever saw. Redemption by the cross—how admirable, how passing admiration. Creation assumes fresh loveliness, and the Creator shines in brighter glories wherever it is published. What then must be the glory of its publishers? What their glory who contribute to its publication?

God, from his throne, beholds not a nobler character on his footstool, than the fervent missionary; the man, who inspired with zeal and burning with love, bids adieu to his friends, abandons his comfort and his home, braves the perils of the deep, encounters hunger, and thirst, and nakedness, and persevering through dangers and deaths, proclaims the Saviour to those who know him not.

Yes! venerable messengers of salvation, who preach Christ in deserts, and publish *glad tidings* to the heathen, we admire your zeal; we applaud your virtue, and by contributing to the object in which you are engaged, would become partakers in your glory; and partakers we shall be if we truly aspire to it.—In the estimation of heaven our services are appreciated, not by the good we accomplish, but the sincerity, the strength, and constancy of our exertions.

Cease then, Christians, to object; act worthy of yourselves, and remember, that *they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many unto righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever*.

Convinced of your duty, do you ask how, situated at a distance, as you are, you can contribute to the alleviation of pagan misery? How?

*By your prayers*. God hath promised that the Gentiles shall be gathered in. He is hastening to accomplish what he hath promised, and yet for this will he be inquired of by the house of Israel. Wherefore, ye that make mention of the Lord, keep not

silence, and give him no rest, till he establish, and till he make Jerusalem a praise in the earth.

*By your property.* To Christianize the heathen, missionaries must be sent to them; these missionaries will be the channels of your kindness. But missionaries cannot be maintained by prayers; you must give of your property: without this your prayers will be unavailing. Cursed be that charity which says to the hungry, be ye fed; to the naked, be ye clothed; and to pagans, be ye saved, and relieves them not.

Here then I come to the conclusion of this discourse. Your love for Jesus, your concern for souls, is now to be tried by your contributions for their relief.

The Saviour could easily furnish means for this, from his own resources.—He could command the heavens to supply the ambassadors of his grace with bread, and the flinty rock to furnish them with water. But *it is more blessed to give than to receive.* This the Saviour knows, and having, in the profusion of his goodness, loaded you with treasure, he condescends to ask and to receive from you a part of that treasure: and this he does, not that *He* needs it, but that you may have an opportunity of likening yourselves to God by the imitation of his sublime munificence, who delights in doing good, and whose tender mercies are over all his works.

In this light I place the subject. And now, O my God, what more shall I say? Can the unfeeling heart of man contemplate miseries the most extreme, and not be moved?—From the hill of Zion, beaming with light, and smiling with life, let me direct your view to the vale of darkness, and the shadow of death.

Yonder are the pagans. Friends of humanity, O that I could describe them to you! . . . cold, naked, famished, friendless; roaming the desert, burning with revenge, and thirsting for blood.

Yonder are the pagans. Friends of Immanuel, O that I could describe them to you, assembled on the ground of enchantment, practising the delusions of witchcraft, insulting the heavens by their sacrifices, and paying their impious adorations at the shrines of devils!

From these profane devotions the hoary warrior retires. His steps totter with age, he reaches the threshold of his hut, and sinks beneath infirmities on the cold earth, his bed of death. No sympathizing friend partakes in his misery, no filial hand is stretched out for his relief. The wife of his youth has forsaken him,—his daughters are carried captive,—his sons have been slain in battle. Exhausted with sufferings, and weary of life, he turns his eye upon the grave. But the grave to him is dark and silent. Not a whisper of comfort is heard from its caverns; Not a beam of light glitters on its gloom.—Here the curtain drops, time ceases, eternity begins: Mighty God, how awful is the scene which follows! But I dare not attempt to lift the veil that covers it. A moment since, and this immortal soul was within the reach of prayer: now its destiny is fixed, and just; eternal Sovereign! are thy decisions. From that bourn beyond which submission is our only duty, turn again to the living world, where your prayers and exertions may be availing!

In advocating such a cause, the cause of humanity, the cause of Immanuel, you will pardon my importunity. What am I saying? Would to God I were capable of being as importunate as the cause I advocate demands. O that I could infuse into my words, the ardour which I feel. But I cannot. Ah! ye wretched aliens from the commonwealth of Israel; ye strangers from the covenant of promise, who have no hope, and are without God in the world, my heart melts within me at the recollection of your danger, and my mind fills with motives to charity too big for utterance.

Reflect what souls they possess, in whose behalf I now address you. To that eternity with which your minds are filled, they are hastening. *Before they launch into it*, look up to heaven, and see the preparations grace is making, and the glory to which grace is waiting to receive them; the crown of life—the presence of God in which there is fulness of joy, and at whose right hand are pleasures for evermore.

*Before they launch into it*, look down to hell, and see the punishment with which justice threatens them; take one deep and solemn view of that fire which is never quenched, and of

that worm in the midst of it which never dies ! Ah me, what a spectacle of woe ! venting unavailing cries to a devouring flame, and pouring out vain complaints to an un pitying dungeon ; which, when the sufferer asks, *How long ?* echoes back, *ETERNITY*. Ages heaped on ages intervene ; again the sufferer asks, *How long ?* and again is echoed back, *Eternity*.

*Before they launch into it*, go to Calvary, approach the cross, listen to the groans, and fill your minds with the idea of the great Immanuel agonizing on it. There estimate the value of those souls by the grandeur of the victim slain for their redemption, and having made the estimate, before you leave the cross, say, will you suffer them to perish through neglect ?

To the man who had saved the life of a Roman citizen, was presented the *civic crown*, the highest of earthly honours ; but of what *insignia* shall he be accounted worthy, who has saved a soul from death, and restored a citizen to heaven ?

Before you cast your gifts into the treasury, permit me to propose a single interrogatory : It is not whether the objects be important ; your hearts testify that they are so. Neither is it, how much you *now* feel as if you could afford to give ; but how much, at the day of judgment, standing at the bar of Jesus, eternity spread out before you, the grandeur of the world perished, and not a vestige of all that you once possessed, except the charities you may have laid up in heaven, remaining—then when the loans made unto the poor, for which God became responsible, are repaying—when the poor widow approaching, receives for her two mites infinite remuneration, and to the disciple, who gave but a cup of water, because he had no more to give, is awarded an inheritance among the saints—then, when looking back in thought on this evening, which furnished such a glorious opportunity for evincing your love to Jesus, and signaling yourselves by deeds of charity ; *How much will you wish that you had given ?* To conscience appeal—to the day of judgment I refer you.

Yes, in the light of that day, as if earth were already dissolved, the heavens departed, and the judgment-seat of Christ erected, let each according to his ability, and with reference to the whole amount so desirable to raise, make an apportionment.

Let the mechanic say how much of the scanty fruits of his labour he will consecrate to send missionaries to the heathen. Let the merchant, whose wealth flows from a thousand sources, and whose property floats on distant seas, say how much of the profits of his trade. Let the advocate at the bar say how much of his fees. Let the minister of the altar say how much of his salary. Let the magistrate say how much of the income of his office. Let the man whose dwelling has just been consumed, say how much of the remnant of his property which was raked from the ashes.\* And the man whose dwelling has been preserved, when flames encircled and cinders covered it—the man who hath passed, literally, with his family and fortune through the fire, and it hath not kindled on him, let him say how much of that fortune he will consecrate as a testimony of his gratitude, and an expression of his faith in God.

Were I addressing an auditory unaccustomed to feel for human misery, whose stinted pity was cruel, and the stream of whose charity congealed as it flowed, after the repeated calls upon your bounty which have been made the last week, I should despair of success; but I am not addressing such an auditory; though a stranger, I am not ignorant that Philadelphia, like that primitive city whose name it bears, is famed for deeds of mercy. With unutterable emotions, I have visited yonder consecrated grounds, on which stand asylums for the poor and the wretched—ILLUSTRIOUS MONUMENTS, which your charity has erected—monuments, not like the pyramids of Egypt, which cherished a vain self-glory; not like the temples of Greece, which fostered a cruel superstition, but left at their threshold the unpitied sufferer to converse with sighs, and tears, and wretchedness, and death.

And can it be that the tender mercies of such an auditory are exhausted? Have you, then, nothing more to lend to Jesus Christ? Have you no longer any alms to bestow on your suffering brethren, and shall I tell them you have not? Shall I recall

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\* A few days before the sermon was delivered, about thirty buildings were consumed by fire in Philadelphia, and liberal contributions have just been made for the relief of the sufferers.

the missionaries you have sent them, and extinguish the hopes with which your former charities have inspired them? Shall I pronounce on the savages their doom? Shall I say to the pagan, just emerging from the gloom of nature, and directing his steps toward the hill of life, GO BACK INTO YOUR FOREST, COVER AGAIN YOUR ALTAR WITH VICTIMS, MUTTER YOUR NIGHTLY ORISONS TO THE STARS, AND BE SATISFIED WITH THE VAIN HOPE OF THE COUNTRY BEYOND THE HILLS?

FOR THE CHRISTIAN MONITOR.

SUPERSTITION.

MUCH is said about superstition, by those who think themselves wise, by persons "*understanding neither what they say, nor whereof they affirm.*"

A venerable father believes that there is one God whom he ought supremely to love; one Saviour, by whom he may escape from hell, and *one thing* absolutely needful, which it is the business of his life to secure. Fading, transitory good, he esteems vanity, when put in competition with "durable riches and righteousness." I know this man, "that he will command his children and his household after him, to keep the way of the Lord, to do justice and judgment," to "seek the Lord while he may be found," to secure heaven before it be too late.

And I know too, the thoughts of a foolish son. When this pious father solemnly warns and exhorts him to forsake youthful lusts, he thinks, "never mind the superstitious old fellow." In the opinion of a youthful rake, temperance, industry, amiable manners, and the fear of God, deserve to be stigmatized as the superstition of dotage.

A venerable matron has learned the folly and insufficiency of airy pursuits. She has found that vivacity, dress, and the reputation of beauty, cannot gratify the desires of her immortal soul. She does not condemn the lawful amusements of the young, but assigns them their proper place, and values them according to their real utility. She believes that "*suffering is no duty, but*

where it is necessary to avoid guilt, or to do good ; nor pleasure a crime, but where it strengthens the influence of bad inclinations, or lessens the generous activity of virtue." She knows that the daughter of her affections cannot always be young, cannot always enjoy the objects of present supreme regard, cannot retain the train of her admirers for ever, cannot preserve her fine form from the blasts of age, cannot rescue herself from the cold embraces of death and the putrefaction of the grave. She would persuade her child, therefore, to cultivate a taste for spiritual things, to "lay up for herself treasure in heaven," that she may shine in the circles of the saints in glory. The mother exhorts her child, but is not unseasonable or rigid in her addresses, when she summons all her courage, and is urged by the feelings of a parent's heart to speak for God. The gay girl hears in silence, then loses the impression made by motherly anxiety on a susceptible heart, and smiles at the *superstition* of her good parent, who would have her renounce at fifteen, the pleasures which others cherish until they are fifty.

It seems, then, that unaffected piety is called *superstition*. Yes, the lukewarm preacher will call the zealous vindicator of his Saviour's cause *superstitious*. The professor of religion, who is too lazy, or too irreligious to pray in his family, will call the domestic worship of his exemplary brother, *superstition*. The person,

— "Whose doctrine and whose life

Coincident, exhibit lucid proof

That he is honest in the sacred cause,"

will ever find some ready to call him a man-hater, an enthusiast, a bigot.

Infidels, indeed, call the whole system of Christianity enthusiastic *superstition*. The boasted admirer of nature, and of that compound divinity called "*the laws of nature*," considers the believer's heaven to be a fancy, Christ a phantom, and hell a dream. Thanks to God, aspersions cannot destroy our hope ; and if religion is called *superstition*, it cannot alter the nature of Christianity, or make it less the offspring of heaven.

Since, however, there is such a thing as *superstition*, which is to be condemned, and since the undefiled religion of Jesus is

branded with that odious name, it is important that we form a correct opinion upon this subject. *Let us endeavour to ascertain clearly what is superstition.* The display of the true character of this monster, may wean the attachment of some, and make others ashamed to impute that to Christianity which is the offspring of another parent, the deformed child of a hag.

What was Paul's view of the subject? "*Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious.*" What had the Apostle seen in these Athenians which he deemed superstition? He proceeds to inform them. "For as I passed by and beheld your devotions, I found an altar with this inscription, *To the unknown God.* Whom, therefore, ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you."

The Apostle's "spirit was stirred in him, when he saw the city wholly given to idolatry;" but when he observed them in their religious exercises worshipping a God *unknown* to them, he could not but exclaim against the philosophers of the most learned people then in the world, "ye are too superstitious." Acts 17, 22. To worship an unknown something, to attach a religious importance to what they did not certainly know to be a divine institution, was what Paul called superstition. The Athenians had made a vast collection of gods and goddesses, and intended to pay them all a suitable respect. They had heard of the God of the Hebrews, but as they did not know his name, and could not procure an image of him, they erected an altar to his praise, and in their dedication styled him "**THE UNKNOWN GOD.**"

*Superstition is a veneration of things which God has not consecrated:* Or,

*It is a religious regard for something which is not a constituent part of religion.*

Bear in mind this definition, and you will be able to ascertain whether you justly or unjustly say to others, "ye are too superstitious."

That the reader may be the better enabled to do this, he will suffer me to illustrate the nature of superstition by sundry examples.

Notwithstanding all that has been said by deists concerning the *simplicity* of natural religion, and the *sufficiency* of reason

without revelation, the ancient heathen of the most learned nations, were subject to a multitude of gross superstitions.

The polite Romans attached a religious importance to the flight of birds, and to the appearance of the intestines of animals. That importance which is due only to the revelation of the divine will, they attributed to the songs of wandering ballad-singers, the writings of the Sybilline prophetess, and the various noises of beasts and birds. With the most solemn formality they created a high officer of state, "for the sole purpose of driving a nail into a door" of the temple of Jupiter, because they thought it would appease the anger of the supreme deity, and avert impending national judgments. Neither reason nor revelation could think of pleasing God with such a ceremony. It was the work of superstition. At this moment millions of pagans have such a regard for idols and absurd ceremonies, as is due to God and to revealed religion alone.

Millions think to please the Deity and secure prosperity, by besmearing their faces with filth, and praying with their faces towards the rising sun; by sacrificing the beasts of the field, and the birds of the air; by consuming their children and sometimes themselves; by savage yells and frantic dances, as well as prostrations before gods of wood or stone. To all the idolatrous heathen it may be said, "ye are too superstitious." You regard with religious veneration, objects and ceremonies which God has not consecrated for your veneration.

The papal church furnishes us with more examples than even pagan Rome. A learned writer well observes, that "the Roman Catholic church is one huge overgrown body of childish and idle superstitions." *Pagan Rome* worshipped the spirits of departed heroes; but *the church of Rome* now worships not only the spirits, but the broken bones of departed saints. They venerate every thing they suppose was once the property of a saint. They pray to the Virgin Mary, and to many imaginary saints, whose names were never known in heaven. Little pieces of wood preserved in glass are exhibited even in this country, which the papists pretend to be pieces of the cross of Jesus, and which they regard with that reverence which is due to the Lord alone. They have golden images of the Holy Virgin, paintings of Christ and his

Apostles, images of the Lamb of God, golden crosses, consecrated water, holy oil, and a wafer made of flour and water, which they verily believe to be that same body of Jesus which was crucified.

The word of God has nowhere taught us that these things are constituent parts of Christianity; therefore all who regard them as religious things are superstitious. Neither reason nor revelation ever required of man to kiss the pope's great toe, or to crawl into the church of St. Peter and confess private sins to a priest. But these are thought by the papists to be most solemn religious duties. It is a part of their piety also, to count their repetitions of the Lord's prayer by a string of beads, to cross themselves with water, to live on fish during certain days, and observe a great many festivals as well as fasts. Some days are holy for one purpose, and other days for other purposes. Who hath required them to make so many new sabbaths, to wear such particular garments, to celebrate with religious regard the birth-days of the Apostles, and convert the simplicity of the Gospel into a system of ceremonies grievous to be borne?

(To be continued.)

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FOR THE CHRISTIAN MONITOR.

*Extract of a letter from a person who had been a professed deist fifteen years, and who was convinced of the want of a Saviour and of the truth of the inspired Scriptures; not by reason, nor history, nor human evidence, but by a sense of sin, followed by the revelation of God in his own soul, in answer to prayer.— Let this excite others to seek the same unerring evidence, and glorious salvation from the slavery of sin, so prevalent in nations and individuals.*

NEW-YORK, March 28, 1811.

DEAR SISTER,

OF the same earthly parents, I can now, through the infinite goodness and love of Almighty God, call you sister in Christ Jesus our glorious Redeemer. I have found him of whom

Moses and the prophets did write, Jesus the Saviour of all men who will come to him for salvation. I give God all the glory, for my soul's salvation is the work of his Almighty Power.

Dear sister, you have cause to believe that your prayers to God for me have been answered; and I now request you and all your Christian friends and acquaintances, who love God, to assist me in praising him for his unspeakable goodness, in bringing me to see the truth of the gospel of Jesus Christ the Lord of life and glory.

I have lived a deist about fifteen years, and expected to have died one; but about the close of the last year I had a dream, which put me in great terror, I thought it imparted something more than a natural dream, and lately it has been made known to me with clearness; and when it pleases God to let us see each other, I will inform you of it.

In the evening on last Saturday six weeks ago, the Lord in his infinite goodness and love, set my soul free from *deism*, that strong delusion of the devil; and I have experienced a joy and happiness I am unable to describe, and for which I hope to praise him through an endless eternity.

I am willing to give all my children to God, knowing that he will be a better father to them than I *can be*.

If you have any deistical acquaintance, who may act towards you as I formerly did, speaking against Jesus Christ, as the Saviour of mankind, you are at liberty to show them this letter: And if it should be their opinion that it is the offspring of a weak and whimsical mind, or have any desire to find out the truth of the matter, I do not know a better way for them than to do as I did: and that was, going on my knees; confessing my sins; asking God to give me a clean heart, and fill it with love to him. And farther, if Jesus Christ was his Son and the Saviour of mankind, to give me to see it. I even felt desirous of experiencing something that would convince me of the existence of a God. God has answered these prayers, and granted my requests; and to his name *be eternal glory and praise*. And he will answer the prayers of all who will pray in a right manner.

Your loving Brother, W. B.

To C. W.

The author of the above letter continues to seek and enjoy that love to God and his creatures, that excites to perform all known duties with diligence and vigilance. May he continue humble; which he will, if he keeps behind his guide, following Christ in the regeneration, in his spiritual birth, and in the kingdom of God within him, where Jesus Christ dwells. He is so conscious of the excellency of this kingdom, that he hath abandoned the kingdom of this world, with the reading of all newspaper politics, and political parties and elections. He says these are not for him, because the love of God and his creatures so fills his heart, that he cannot fight. "To kill a good man, a brother, how can I? To kill a wicked man, and precipitate his soul into torment, how horrible! I had rather die myself." Such is the Christian sensation of this person at present; and may they communicate to thousands, with peace on earth and love towards men.

#### THOUGHTS ON PSALM L. 21.

*Thou thoughtest that I was altogether such an one as thyself.*

CARNAL men have carnal conceptions of God. They do not indeed suppose that God is a man; but that he has the same ideas of good and evil which men have. As if what is right in their eyes, must of necessity be so in his. But God reproves such carnal notions by saying, *My thoughts are not your thoughts; but as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my thoughts higher than yours.* That is, as my thoughts have a vastness in them, in all respects beyond yours; so particularly in this, the performance of my promise for the pardon of sin. O how unlike is God to men in this! God is not more above man in his absolute freedom from sin, than in his admirable freedom to pardon it. Men are not only unmerciful to those who injure them, but revengeful; and with difficulty is a breach made up; and seldom is a reconciliation so perfect, that nothing of offence remains. But the thoughts of God are not so; he is

slow to wrath, and ready to forgive. He quickly pardons the offence, and receives the offender into favour; no more retaining the memory of the offence, (to his injury,) than if he had never offended. Thus the Lord would assure sinners, that his thoughts in pardoning sin are not as theirs. And all this is needful; for when sinners are first awakened, they frame such thoughts of God, with respect to pardon, as they have in themselves; when they consider their sins as too great to be pardoned by man, they are apt to conclude that God cannot or will not pardon them.

It is also the custom of wicked men to frame thoughts of God like to themselves, while they commit and continue in sin. Man should not dare to imagine any thing of God, in reference either to his justice or mercy, whether as to the punishing or pardoning of sin, but what he has declared of himself. All we imagine besides is but making another god.

There are many false gods made by the *hands* of men, but their foolish *hearts* make many more. Every wrong imagination of God, is the formation of an idol. Thus the heathen Romans became *vain in their imaginations, and their foolish heart was darkened*; and thus they *changed the glory of the incorruptible God, into the representing image of mortal and corruptible man*. There is a changing of the glory of God into the mental or *internal*, as well as into the *external* image of man: that is, into such thoughts and conceptions as are common in man. But let the Christian remember, that the true image of God is only in his word. May the Spirit teach us to see it there! and may we all, with open face, so behold the glory of the Lord, that we may be changed into the same image, from glory to glory.

C.

## EVANGELICAL SENTIMENTS.

1. THE bare notion of free grace may tempt persons to be dissolute; but an experimental sense of it restrains from sin.

2. Christians are usually to blame for three things: For seeking that in *themselves*, which they can only find in Christ. For seeking that in the *Law*, which can only be had in the *Gospel*. And for seeking that upon *earth*, which can only be enjoyed in *heaven*.

3. The Christian soldier, when he draws his sword, must throw away his sheath.

4. Saving faith has gospel *promises* for its foundation of dependence; and gospel *obedience* for its superstructure.

5. There may be grace in the *desire* of grace, as there is sin in the *desire* of sin.

### ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE Editor takes this opportunity of *stating again* to those who may favour him with their correspondence, that he claims the right of altering their performances for publication, when he deems it expedient. If any persons do not choose to make communications with this mutual understanding between them and the Editor, he must decline accepting their favours. In No. 20, page 320, of the Christian Monitor, we published some lines over the signature of *Orion*. We acknowledge that they were in our opinion, *improved*, but the writer conceives himself injured, and with the hope of gratifying him, we now publish, *verbatim et literatim*, his original production.

#### FOR THE CHRISTIAN MONITOR.

#### A GLANCE AT THE WORLD.

My Eyes fill with tears whilst I gaze on the world,

And view the sad havoc spread o'er our lost race;

And see the vast croud, by Satans pow'r hurl'd

Toward the deep pit, there hast'ning apace.

Confusion of War, and wild anguish appear;

Pale Envy and Malice rage high in the breast;

And Mankind, guilty man with jealousy here

Embitters his life, and prevents his own rest.

He boasts of his strength and prides in his pow'r;

Yet in spirit, 'tis perfect weakness alone:

He cannot attain t' Ambitions high tow'r,

In sad disappointment his fate doth bemoan.

And is there no day to succeed this foul storm?  
 Nor no cheering rays to dispel this dark gloom?  
 The day of Christs pow'r most surely will come:  
 And the bright sun of Righteousness then will illumine.

Christ the Son of a virgin; lov'd Son of God;  
 The god known in flesh, and *Emmanuel* his Name;  
 His, bow to his Sceptre; and sav'd by his word;  
 Whilst ev'ry intelligence spreads forth his fame.

Come then fellow mortals, and quit the sad scene,  
 Where hope of fair happiness, buds not, nor grows;  
 In *holy child Jesus* obtain peace serene,  
 And taste the rich friendship which there overflows.

He will lead, and guide us with counsel below,  
 And furnish us grace sufficient for day,  
 And when the great summons of Death we shall know,  
 Will take us to Glory—to Glory away.—

ORION.

### CHARITY SERMON.

TO-MORROW EVENING, if fair weather, a Charity Sermon will be preached in the South Dutch Church, in Garden-street, and a collection taken for the benefit of the School under the patronage of the Reformed Dutch Church in this city.

Ye benefactors of our Youth,  
 Who lead us in the paths of truth:  
 We urge again with humble song,  
 Your deeds of Charity prolong.

Oh never may your offspring prove,  
 The want of kind maternal love;  
 But may our God in plenty shed,  
 His choicest blessings on their head.

